

Devotion, Week of April 13, 2025—Holy Week

Rev. Jeanne Simpson



This devotion is from “Savior, Servant, Friend, Devotions for Lent.”
May it help you turn everything over to God, who loves you. **Jeanne**

This week we move from the triumphal entry to Jerusalem to death on a cross. Note the two polar opposites in these devotional thoughts during Holy Week.

“Fear not, daughter of Zion; behold, your king is coming, sitting on a donkey’s colt.” John 12:15

Same season, same city. Very different kings. One king – King David – was considered Israel’s greatest earthly king. And yet, this king stayed in Jerusalem when he should have gone off to battle. “In the spring of the year, the time when kings go out to battle...David remained at Jerusalem.” (2 Samuel 11:1) Failing to do the work of a king brought about a mess of sin and death and the exploits of evil forces.

King Jesus did the opposite of David. In the spring of the year, Jesus went into Jerusalem to do battle. Instead of a warhorse, King Jesus rode a donkey. Instead of a sword, King Jesus unsheathed the Word of God. Instead of inflicting violence, King Jesus came to give his life as a sacrifice for you. While shouts of “Hosanna!” ensued, Jesus entered into Holy Week to do the unimaginable: this King gave his life for you.

“For God alone my soul waits in silence; from him comes my salvation.” Psalm 62:1

It all happens silently and out of view. Just because there is no sound or anything to see, however, does not mean that nothing is happening. A seed planted in the ground is busy below the surface: the plant sends forth roots to anchor growth and gather nutrients. Signs of life begin to emerge from underground as they prepare to break open the earth with a springtime sprout. Though you cannot see it or hear it, new life is preparing to bloom.

The day between Good Friday and Easter Sunday is known as Holy Saturday or Silent Saturday. There is a chilling silence on this day as Jesus has been taken off the cross and his dead body placed in the stony ground of the tomb. But, like a seed silently out of view, new life is preparing to bloom. Wait for it. Hope for it. Trust in it. It is coming.

Jeanne